



# Nameless



19 0 3

## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Katie Coleman. She knows me as Dexter Price. I opened her letter sedulously, admiring the fine cotton hand-woven, park avenue pink paper engraved by the manufacturer. As I pulled the folded sheets out, on the face of the bundle was the imprinted mark of her lips bearing blood-red lipstick, I could almost picture her delicately pressing her bold, full lips against the smooth, fine paper. I unfolded the bundle, and inhaled deeply the scent of patchouli and sandalwood. She knows how the patchouli sings to the artist in me. Once I'd read her letter I responded to her with something equally as witty, charming and borderline licentious. A few quotes from old romantic poets like Tennyson, Poe or Blake always galvanized her. She was a sort of classical soul, if you will; her father being a tycoon of some meat packing dynasty, and her mother being some grand socialite before passing away on Katie's fourteenth birthday, she had little time to learn about love and the world. Her father, more infatuated with her brother and heir, has practically forgotten all about her. What she knows of romance and love was learned from old books and movies. One of her previous letters discussed in detail The Count of Monte Cristo. I've learned that she spends the majority of her time reading, writing and taking long walks about the gardens; her letters often came adorned with tiny lesions of dried up tears.

After a brief discourse of our not being united in corporeal rapport, I ended the letter with a line I knew she'd dwell over in obscure lust: and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart, I carry your heart (I carry it in my heart); perfect. I fold the watermarked cream wove pages, not as opulent as the paper I received from Miss Coleman I confess, but my perfect copperplate hand makes up for my prudent expenditures. I finish off the letter, sign it love Dexter Price, and place it in the pile with the rest of the outgoing mail and move on to the next

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a new style of summer attire. I had the wannabe models post their applications to a different PO box and wrote in to the paper informing them that the company went bust and to remove the ad in their next issue. In that short space of time I received thirty-seven submissions. Each one I catalogued and added to my inventory. I read Charlotte Williams' letter that compiled mostly of erotic fetichsims and promiscious adventures that she claimed to have been on. She had attached a photo of her plump figure squeezed into some dark length of PVC that did nothing for her shape or my libido. I placed her letter in the appropriate place, in the shelf underneath Chelsea Ward. I wrote out my response, the whole time I was replying to her sexual embellishments I was thinking of Miss Coleman. I hadn't seen this one yet, but her image that played in my mind sent convulsive waves of energy through my body. I attached a photo of what used to be a man named Clark Davies, amature model, thirty-four, loves swimming, theatre and acting (typically); now Clint Axel, precision engineer and member of The Athenaeum and advocate of old scotch. I'm sure Mr Davies would thank me for immortalising his fleshy sack of fatty cells as something more prestigious than he could ever of achieved.

This was all I had for today's snail mail, not many people implore letter writing these days. You get a few phony hipsters that think it's just swell to rebel against the modern world and pretend they're old-fashioned and against global consumerism; these are the same kind of people that shop for stylish clothes and have to have the newest and bestest smartphone. I've played with a few but as you can imagine their momentary fad of writing letters by hand soon fades and it's back to a proclivity of social media and taking half naked selfies, but do not despair, because I collect those as well. In fact, I've managed to swindle a few from hopeful young men and now they're at my disposal. Sometimes, I find a young lady, learn a bit about her, steal some pictures and then create a fairly identical account and message a fella as her. As you can imagine he is of course enthusiastic about the approach and after I have gathered some material on him, I message the same girl I'm pretending to be as him. After a while they are effectively courting one another by proxy (me), I'm just copying message to message, with of course a few anomalous contributions from myself. Then, eventually I arrange for them to meet, and watch my puppets play without strings. It should be fairly obvious that I would've told her that he was artistic, liked to read poetry and owned a pomeranian. When in reality he'd probably never read

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and Claudia all on the line under the guise of Robert Anderson.

Why do I do this? I asked myself. I searched my mind and I failed to present a single reason as to why I started doing this. I can think of many reasons why I continue to do it, but no origin springs to mind. I have learnt that this can be a cruel and immoral business; for instance, a few days ago I ordered a coffee at Starbucks and the server girl asked me for my name to scribble upon the side of the cup. My mind froze, my palms grew moist and I must of had a severely panicked look in my eyes because her face dropped, as if I was some poor suffering creature. I searched and searched my mind, and amongst the matrix of names that came fourth, I could not tell which one was real. Which one was really mine. She turned, deciding not to push. I took a step back and watched the bustle of supply and demand as I tried to reconfigure my thoughts. I heard a sharp 'Sir?' And the girl was beckoning for me to collect my beverage. I took the drink from her and gave an awkward smile to which I'm sure did not impress her. I turned the cup to find my name, hoping to find a name, any name that I could relate to. Perhaps I had imagined my branding breakdown and told her a name after all. Like it was some premonition and that I should change my way of life if I am to be normal. However I was way beyond some pseudo-premonition breaking down my barriers and giving me some great revelation to which I should not only adhere to, but actually want to adhere to; maybe I would find happiness in a sense of ineligible complacency and incorrigible narcissism? I could be a Joe, or a Dave, or even a Craig - only I found scrawled on the side of my cup a reality shattering question mark.

I spent the rest of that day in agonising dismay. Although it had most certainly been a long time by anyone's scope since I last used my real name, I never actually thought I'd forget it. How does that work? There's always been some conscious thought as to who I am, perhaps it was incoherent, but it was always there; so I would know that my name wasn't Robert Anderson or Clint Axel, or any other guise I would manifest when exploiting others' trust. Yet I cannot tell them who I am really, just who I am not. With all the anxiety that had now clouded my whole world, I was in no state to hang about that coffee shop, so I went on home. I walked back the way I came autonomously, though I didn't know where I was going at the time, I just needed to escape. My subconscious understandably brought me back home, but that whole walk back I

was completely lost. I couldn't focus on anything. My eyes darting around like worker ants, never concentrating on anything. See more of Story Wars [Accessing information about my surroundings, I just needed to](#)

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